

*The Comicall Historie of*

*Ner.* How like you the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxo-  
nies nephew?

*Por.* Very vildly in the morning when hee is sober, and most  
videly in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is best, he is  
a little worse then a man, and when he is worst he is little better  
then a beast, and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make  
shift to goe without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket,  
you should refuse to performe your Fathers will, if you should  
refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deepe  
glasse of Reynish wine on the contrary Casket, for if the Devill  
be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose  
it. I will doe any thing *Nerrissa* ere I will be married to a sponge.

*Ner.* You neede not feare Lady the having any of these Lords,  
they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is in-  
deed to returne to their home, and to trouble you vvith no more  
sute, unlesse you may be wonne by some other sort then your Fa-  
thers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

*Por.* If I live to be old as *Sibilla*, I will die as chaste as *Diana*,  
unlesse I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad  
this parcell of woers are so reasonable, for there is not one among  
them but I doat on his very absence, and I pray God grant them  
a faire departure.

*Ner.* Doe you not remember Lady, in your Fathers time, a Ve-  
netian, a Scholler and a Souldier that came hither in company of  
the Marquesse of *Mounferrat*?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I thinke so was he call'd.

*Ner.* True Madam, he of all the men that ever my foolish eies  
look'd upon, vv as the best deserving a faire Ladie.

*Por.* I remember him wel, & I remember him worthy of thy  
How now, what newes? (praise.

*Enter a Servingman.*

*Ser.* The foure strangers seeke for you Madam, to take their  
leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of  
*Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Master will be here to  
night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fift welcome with so good heart as I  
can

*the Merchant of Venice.*

can bid the other foure farewell, I should be glad of his approach:  
if he have the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a Devil,  
I had rather he should shrive me then wive me. Come *Nerrissa*,  
sirra goe before: whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, ano-  
ther knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bassanio with Shilocke the Jew.*

*Shy.* Three thousand Ducates, well.

*Bas.* I sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months, well.

*Bas.* For the which as I told you, *Antonio* shall be bound.

*Shy.* *Antonio* shall be come bound, vyell.

*Bas.* May you sted me? Will you pleasure me?

Shall I know your answer.

*Shy.* Three thousand Ducats for three months,  
and *Antonio* bound.

*Bas.* Your answer to that. *Shy.* *Antonio* is a good man.

*Bas.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

*Shy.* Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying hee is a good  
man, is to have you understand mee that hee is sufficient, yet his  
meanes are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to *Tripolis*,  
another to the *Indies*, I understand moreover upon the *Ryalta*, hee  
hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, and other ventures  
he hath squandred abroad, but Ships are but boardes, Saylers but  
men, there be land Rats, and water Rats, water Theeves, and  
land Theeves, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perill of wa-  
ters, vvindes, and Rockes: the man is notwithstanding suffici-  
ent; three thousand Ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

*Bas.* Be assur'd you may.

*Jew.* I will be assur'd I may: and that I may be assur'd, I will  
bethinke me, may I speake with *Antonio*?

*Bas.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Jew.* Yes, to smell Porke, to eate of the habitation which your  
Prophet the Nazarit conjured the devil into: I will buy with you,  
sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following:  
but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you.  
What newes on the *Rialto*, who is he comes heere?

*Bas.* This is signior *Antonio*.

*Enter Antonio.*

*Jew.* How like a fawning publican he looks.

B 2

I hate